

THE  
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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THE PEDLER OF DUST STICKS.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER II.

OUR friend Henry was now a young man of seventeen, well known and much respected in his native city. When his father saw him return with his mother and brother and sister, all well and happy, and with the money which he gave him doubled, and saw that all this was the fruits of his industry and skill and good character, he felt proud of his son, and was very happy to have them all back again.

Henry returned to the cane business ; to this he and his father soon added work in whalebone, in which they were pretty successful, but as they had very little money with which to purchase stock and tools, they could not make a great business of it.

It was about this time that he became acquainted with one who was to form the greatest happiness of his

life. There was a poor girl in Hamburg who was a sempstress, and who not only supported herself but her mother by her needle. Her name was Agatha; she had a lovely face and very engaging manners, but her character was still more lovely than her face, and she had only this to recommend her, for she was very poor. Henry became strongly attached to her, and she soon returned his love.

Henry's father and mother did not approve of this connection because she was very poor, and their son was so handsome and agreeable and had now a number of friends and was very capable, they thought that he might marry the daughter of some rich man perhaps, and so get some money. But although Henry was ready to jump from a wagon twenty feet high for a few pence, and would walk the streets of the city twelve hours a day for money, he would not so disgrace himself as to give, that most precious of all things, his heart, for gold, and so he told his parents. "I shall," said he, "marry my dear Agatha, or I shall never marry any one. She is good and gentle and beautiful, and if I live she shall have money enough too, for I can and will earn it for her. I shall work harder and better now than I ever did before, because I shall be working for one whom I love so dearly."

Henry's parents saw that it was in vain to oppose him, and that it would only drive him out of the house, and that they should only lose him and his work too, so they gave the matter up.

From this time Henry worked more industriously if possible than ever. He did the same for his father that he ever did, but he contrived also to find some

hours in which he might work for himself exclusively ; all that he earned at these times he devoted to his new and dearest friend ; he would purchase with the money he earned some pretty or comfortable thing to wear that she wished and had denied herself ; or sometimes he would get some nice thing for her to eat, for she had delicate health and but little appetite. After work was done in his father's shop and he and the rest of the family had gone to bed, he used to hasten to his dear Agatha and pass two or three happy hours with her. They both of them had fine voices, and many an hour they would sing together, till they would forget the weariness of the day and the fact that they had nothing but their love for each other to bless themselves with in this world. They worked harder, they denied themselves more than ever, they were more careful to be wise and good for the sake of each other, and so their love made them better as well as happier.

At last when Henry was nineteen his parents consented to his marrying and bringing his wife home to their house. As there was no money to spare, they could only have a very quiet wedding. They were married without any parade or expense, and never were two excellent beings happier than they.

The young wife made herself very useful in her husband's family. She worked very hard, her husband thought more so than she ought to work, and he was anxious to be independent and have a house of his own, where he could take more care of her and prevent her injuring herself by labor. His father had some money due him in Bremen, and after living at home a year or so in this way, Henry took his wife with him and went

there to collect the money due his father. There they lived two years, and there they suffered severely. They were very poor, and they met with misfortunes. At last Henry's wife and their two children took the small pox, but they all lived and got well, and their love for each other was only made more perfect by suffering, for they learned patience and fortitude, and were confirmed in what they both before believed, that they could bear any trouble if they could share it together.

At the end of the two years, when they had recovered from the small pox they returned to Hamburg. During their absence Henry's mother had died, and his father had married a woman who had a little property, and now he felt no longer anxious about his family, and set up for himself in the cane and whalebone business. He took a small house just big enough for his family, and they invited his wife's sister to live with them and assist in the work.

Henry was very desirous of setting up a cane and whalebone factory and doing business upon a larger scale, but had not the means to obtain suitable machinery. He wanted a large boiler, but it was too expensive, and he knew not what to do. Here his excellent character was the cause of his success. A gentleman who had known him from the time when he used to carry about dust sticks to sell, came forward and offered to give him a large boiler, and told him that he might pay for it whenever he could conveniently. Henry accepted his kindness, and he commenced business directly. His old customers all came to him, and in a short time he was able to hire a man to help him. It was not long before he wanted another, and then another man ; every



thing prospered with him; he made money fast. His business grew larger constantly; he did all sorts of work in whalebone and cane; and now he added ivory, umbrella sticks, keys for pianos, canes and whip-handles. all sorts of things in which these materials are used he supplied. He was so well acquainted with his business, was known to be so honest and so just in his dealings, and was so kind in his treatment of his workmen, so industrious and faithful, that all who wanted what he could supply them with went to him, and his success was very great, he grew rich fast. It was not a great while before Henry was able to build a large factory in the neighborhood of the city.

The little pedler of dust sticks was now one of the richest men in Hamburg; he had four hundred men in his employ, had a large house in the city and another in the country. Here he was able to indulge his love for nature; here after a hard day's work he could come home and enjoy the beautiful sunset, and look at the moon and stars in the evening, and hear the nightingale sing, and join with his Agatha in the song of praise to the Giver of all good things. But he did not because he was rich lead a lazy and selfish life; he still worked with his own hands, and so taught his workmen himself, and made their work more easy and agreeable by his presence as well as instructions. He was continually making improvements in his business, inventing new things, and so keeping up his reputation. He exported large quantities of the articles made in his factory, and every year his business grew larger and he gained still higher reputation.

Henry's fellow citizens offered him some of the

highest offices of honor and profit which the city had to bestow, but he refused them all. The only ones he accepted were those that gave no pay; he was one of the overseers of the poor, and was always one of the first to aid in any way he could, plans for the benefit of his suffering fellow beings. He gave money himself generously, but was very anxious not to have his charities made public. He was one of the directors of the first rail road from Hamburg. He engaged all his workmen with reference to their character as well as their capacity, and no one ever left him during life; he was their best benefactor and friend.

So lived this excellent man, as happy as he was good and useful, for sixteen years with his dear wife; they had seven living children, but, as I before told you, she had very delicate health, and it was the will of God that these two living hearts should be separated in this world, as we hope to meet in Heaven to part no more.

After sixteen years of perfect love and joy, he parted with his dear Agatha. Henry bore his sorrow meekly and patiently. He did not speak, he could not weep, poor man, but life was never again the same thing to him, he never parted for a moment with the memory of his loving and dearly beloved wife. He was then only thirty-five years old, but he never married again; he never could; and when urged to take another wife, he always replied, "I cannot!" He felt that he was still married to his Agatha. Many young ladies tried to win his favor, but no one interested him; he was married forever to his dear Agatha.

I must relate to you some of the beautiful things his daughter told me about her mother. She had such a

refined and beautiful taste and manner, that though she, from her parents' poverty, had not had the benefit of an education, yet it was a common saying of the many who knew her, that she would have graced a court. She never said or did anything that was not delicate and beautiful; her dress, even when they were very poor, had never a hole or a spot on it. She never allowed any rude or vulgar thing to be said in her presence without expressing her dislike of it. She was one of nature's nobility. She lived and moved in beauty as well as goodness. When she found she was dying, she asked her husband to leave the room, and then asked a friend who was with her to pray silently, for she would not distress her husband, and so she passed away without a groan, calmly and sweetly before he returned. An immense procession followed her to the grave as an expression of their admiration of her character and sorrow for her early death. There were in Hamburg at that time two large churches, afterwards burned down at the great fire, which had chimes of bells in their towers, and these played their solemn tones only when some person who was lamented by the whole city, died. These bells were rung at the funeral of Agatha. Ever after her husband's separation from her in this world, he would go at the anniversary of her birth and death and take all his children and grandchildren with him to her grave. They carried wreaths and bouquets of flowers and laid them there, and he would sit down with them and relate to them some anecdote about their mother.

It is a custom with the people of Germany to strew flowers on the graves of their friends; this burying-ground was not far from the street in Hamburg, and

often unfeeling boys would steal these sacred flowers, but not one was ever stolen from the grave of Henry's Agatha.

The sister of whom we have before spoken, whom we will call also by her Christian name Catherine, loved her sister Agatha with the most devoted love, and when she was dying promised her that she would be a mother to her children, and never leave them till they were able to take care of themselves. She kept her word; she refused many offers of marriage, that she might have been disposed to accept, and was a true mother to her sister's children till they were all either married, or old enough not to want her care. Then at the age of fifty Aunt Catherine married a widower who had three children who wanted her care.

From the time Henry lost his dear wife he devoted himself not only more than ever to his children, but also to the good of his workmen. He sought in duty, in good works, for strength to bear his heavy sorrow. So that death might not divide him from her he loved, but that he might be fitting himself for an eternal union with her in Heaven.

Some of the details of his treatment of his workmen will, I think, be interesting; but these we must defer to another chapter.

E. L. F.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."—*Sidney*.



## INTOLERANCE.

ONCE upon a time an event happened in Fairy-land, which is of daily occurrence on this firm land of our own. It seems the human race, still in its nomadic condition, was journeying from the realm of Unrest to the region of Felicity. Religion, an elderly lady, went before them as Pioneer, to look forward and backward, remove obstacles from the path, and encourage the pilgrims on. At length they came to an unexpected obstacle. The mountains of Guilt rose up before them. High-raised, they affronted the Heavens. Sin was piled upon iniquity, and iniquity was piled upon sin. Rocks of all ages — primary, secondary, and tertiary — lay there and had lain there for ages. Torrents rushed down the precipitous sides, and tore up the plain below. Volcanoes roared in the mountain; they cast up molten the primitive rock of human transgression — etherealized to a gas — or belched forth one whole lava-flood of fire. Thus blackness hung over the mountain continually increased by fresh accessories, thrown thither by the central fire of Sin.

These inaccessible mountains must be passed before the race could take another step forward. I will remove them, said Religion, for we must not pass round, or avoid them, since it is written in the records of the past, 'Turn not to the right hand nor to the left,' and to pass over it is not possible to mortal feet. Now Religion was supported by Antiquity, and leaned upon his shoulder. He held her right-hand fast locked in his own,

close like a vice, and had blinded her right eye, that, as he said, vision being single, she might see the better; as he himself saw with but one orb. Then with the fan she carried in her left hand, Religion essayed, with the meekness of patience, to blow the solid mountain away, while the multitude stood or lay impatient around her, fainting and dying of thirst and weariness, of hunger and heat, strangled by the sulphureous smoke of the volcanoes of sin, and choked by despair. Here had Religion stood for centuries, earnestly at work with her fan of feathers, hoping to sweep away the mountain. Then came up a modest youth from the host. "Mother," said he, "loved mother, we have lost our way. Why stay here till we die? Let us turn to the right from the mountains of Sin, to which mistaken Antiquity has brought us, and journey on the coast of the eternal ocean of Truth. Are these Rocks in the way, my steel shall pierce them, my powder shall blast them to dust." The roar of the Mountain grew still as he spoke. But Antiquity scowled grim through his beard, uttering an ancient curse, and Religion herself pronounced him a heretic, an arch-deceiver, an angel of the devil, sent to betray the race of men, and refused to turn away to the Right.

T. P.

"Our whole existence is a state of perpetual probation and continual retribution; every moment is the reward of the past, and the preparation for the future." —  
C. Follen.

## A WALK AT THE WEST.

## A TRUE STORY.

"JANE DALE was a droll little girl who lived very near my aunt's garden; only a rail fence separated the land from ours, and I could easily creep through that. For my aunt's garden was beautifully laid out with smooth walks and trim hedges, such as you see every day. And then the old English gardener would stoop so carefully over his delicate plants, and hint politely that I *need* not break off the heads of his flowers when I ran so carelessly by — Oh! it was a relief to climb through the fence to the "lot" where Jane and I played together! There the wild grape vines hung so luxuriantly from the trees, and were so strong that we could swing in them. And what if the grass was matted round our feet, and if the briery vines near the ground were so tangled, that we caught our feet in them and fell sometimes. There was no fear of breaking off the flowers' heads there — they were so plenty that nobody but us cared anything about them. For it was at the West, the country of hard work, and the people were too busy to heed the flowers.

Jane and I were great friends; we thought alike on many subjects. We thought it was far more pleasant to play in the cool wood, in the hot summer afternoon, than it was to sit in the dark schoolroom — especially when Jane had not learned her lesson, for she was very dull at that! And we both thought Squire Drake ought to let the flowers stay in the lot, instead of ploughing

them all up, to plant corn there; and then when the corn was all gathered, we both agreed that it was better to play hide and seek in the sheaves than it was to find flowers. Ah! we were *just* alike! But we did not look a bit alike; oh no, Jane was so dark, and had such long black hair and such wild black eyes that the old gardener always called her the Gipsy. Now my eyes are very small and very light, but I think they have a wise look. And my hair is always flying in the wind; it is whiter than my face now, it is so blacked in the sun. I can never make a sun-bonnet stay on my head when I run—Can you? You say, yes! So can Jane too, and her hair grows blacker every day! Ah, we don't look a bit alike, but we do think just alike.

Now we are seated by the old mill! The dash of the of the heavy wheel is a cheerful sound to us, and the old miller is leaning over the half-open door, nodding pleasantly. The doorway is filled with dust, and he looks as white as one of his own heavy meal-bags. There is Will Jones sitting on the log that is thrown across the brook! If we walk carefully we may go across without falling—very steadily though, for the log trembles a little—now we are over, and in the deep wood! Then we broke off some of the branches from the Pawpaw trees and held them over our heads as a protection from the sun, the broad leaves were a pleasant shade for our little faces, and we waited quietly and looked at Will still sitting on the old log, fishing. His bare feet were dangling in the water, for its coolness was pleasant; his frock was fastened with large locust-thorns; and his broken straw hat was falling off his rough head and sun-burnt face—He did not seem to



mind the heat at all. Just then I heard a light footstep, like a squirrel on the leaves; and a little voice at my side said timidly, "*Can* you lend mother a flatiron?" I looked up in surprise, and there was little Lucy Grey with her scant linsey-woolsey frock and dark sun-bonnet, and with the most distressed little face and imploring blue eyes, "*Can* you lend mother a flatiron?" she said again, — "Miss Willicost who used to live in our cabin, has moved and has taken her flatiron away with her!" What a dilemma was that, for a family! "Run to the house, little Lucy," I said, "and I know they will lend you one." She ran off joyously, as if the weight of a heavy care had been taken from her heart; for little girls at the West are so well taught and industrious that they can take half the household care of a large family. I think you could not do it! One day I saw the same little girl with her sister carrying a huge tub through the wood, banging it over the rail fences and against the old trees, till my kind aunt on its return complained sadly of its battered condition. She never refused to lend it however, though she would sometimes say resignedly, "Oh! if that family would only have a washtub of their own!" But if they could borrow one by walking half a mile through the wood, they would not be so extravagant as to buy one!

"Come, Jane," I said, "let us walk along the bank of the canal, and we may meet some of the other children." So we walked on slowly, with our little sunshade of Pawpaw leaves over our heads. The water was so smooth, that the long grass on the bank, the clouds and the old trees were reflected there. Soon we saw John Drake running along the path to meet us. "Oh

Jane and Mary," he said, "Squire Perham is making sugar to-day, and he says we may all come to the camp."

We ran hastily down the bank, and the smoke rising slowly above the trees, directed us to the spot.

It was a grove of rich old sugar maples. The sap was just rising, for it was early in the spring, and hollow logs or boughs were placed at the foot of the trees to receive it as it oozed slowly from a hole cut in the bark; a large kettle was hanging over the fire, where some of the sap was boiling slowly. Ah! when we were there the fire was a little too hot, and the scent of the burning sugar was very fragrant to us waiting and impatient children! "Young ones," said Mr. Perham, hastily, "the sugar is burnt; it's of no use to me now; you may have as much as you want of it." How delighted we were! But we had nothing to carry it home in but a few egg-shells that John brought with him, to fill, when we came; for we pour the hot liquid sugar into the shell, and when it is quite cold it retains the perfect shape of an egg. But Jane at last recollected that she had left a basket of birch-bark under one of the trees, so she ran for it, and we filled it with sugar and helped her carry it home.

We were caught in a shower on our way home; it only rained a little, but the boys were so civil, they would make a hut of branches for us to sit under. We liked it very much. But they were so proud of it, they ran out in the rain many times to see how it looked, and then ran in again to see if it leaked. They did not get it quite finished till the rain was over, and I think we should not have been quite so wet if they had stayed

away all the time — we did not like to tell them so after all their trouble.

As soon as the sun came out, we took our birch basket and our egg-shells of sugar and ran home. Will was sitting on the log just where we left him. "Well, Jane," he said, "we have had a right *peart* little shower, but I've caught a smart chance of fish!" And he held up a long string of bass for us to admire. He likes to sit in the heavy rain to fish; he heeds it no more than we do the bright sunshine. We told him we had been to the sugar-camp, and that Squire Perham had asked us all to come again, but we were so tired now, we were glad to hurry home.

I do hope, if we should go again, that you will be with us!

S. W. L.

### FEMALE PRINTERS.

The late Printers' Festival, at Rochester, N. Y., called out some curious facts respecting female effort in our country. We did not know, and we suspect few people did, that there have been seventeen female printers among us, not mere editors, but practical printers, scince 1732. Here follows a list which is gathered from the Massachusetts Antiquarian Library, at Worcester, by Mr. J. Snow. It is from a letter addressed to the Managers of the Festival:

Anne Franklin.—The first paper printed in Rhode Island, was at Newport, in 1732. James Franklin, a brother to the Doctor, was publisher. He died soon after, and his widow continued the business several years.

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She was printer to the Colony, supplied blanks to the public offices, published pamphlets, &c. The Newport Mercury, which is now regularly issued, was given out of this printing office in 1756, and is the oldest paper in the country. In 1745, Mrs. F. printed for the government an edition of the laws, containing 340 folio pages. She was aided in her office by her two daughters. They were correct and quick compositors, and very sensible women. A servant of the house usually worked at press. Gregory Dexter, an early settler of Providence, usually worked for her when she had a large job or an almanac to get out. It seems printing with type was not her only business. Read her advertisement:

"The printer hereof, prints linens, calicoes, silks, &c., in figures, very lively and durable colors, and without the offensive smell which commonly attends linen printed here."

Mrs. Sarah Goddard was also a printer at Newport, in 1776. She was born in Rhode Island, and widow of Giles Goddard, a printer of New London. She received a good education, and was well acquainted with many branches of literature. She had the management of a newspaper, and conducted it with much ability for two years, when John Carter associated with her, under the firm of Sarah Goddard & Co.

Mrs. Margaret Draper was the widow of Richard Draper. She published the Massachusetts Gazette and the Boston News Letter after his death. It was the first paper established in North America. All the newspapers excepting hers, ceased to be published when Boston was besieged by the English. She left Boston with



the British army and went to England, where a pension was settled on her by the government, for life.

Mrs. Cornelia Bradford was the widow of Andrew Bradford, who died in Philadelphia, in 1742. She continued the printing business for a number of years, and retired with a sufficiency of "worldly lucre."

In the same city, Mrs. Jane Aitkin, at the death of her father, in 1802, continued the business. Her reputation was high, from the productions which issued from her press. She was also noted for her correctness in proof-reading.

Mrs. Zenger, the widow of John P. Zenger, who published the second newspaper established in New York, carried on the business for years after his death. She was a modest and moderate woman; the exact reverse of her husband, who managed to have as many libel suits on hand, as a certain literary character of our time. The consequence was, Zenger got into full intimacy with the prisons for giving public utterance to his liberal views. Mrs. Z. conducted the "New York Weekly Journal" with ability for three years, until 1748.

Mrs. Mary Holt, widow of John Holt, and publisher of the "New York Journal," in 1793, was appointed printer to this State. The paper did powerful service during the revolution.

Anne Katharine Greene was born in Holland. In 1767 she succeeded her husband in publishing the Maryland Gazette, the first paper printed in that State. She executed the Colony printing, and continued the business to her death, in 1775.

Mrs. Hassebotch.—The first printer in Baltimore was Nicholas Hassebotch. He was succeeded by his widow.

In 1773 a missionary had a Bible in his hand, explaining it to a party of Indians. He pronounced it to be "the Gospel—the truth—the word of God." "What," said one of them, "did the Great, All-powerful make this Book?" "Yes," replied the missionary, "it is his work." The Indian taking the literal import of the words, answered indignantly, "I believe it to be a great lie. I go to Baltimore last month, when I see Dutch woman *make him*. The Great Spirit want no more Dutch man to help him."

Mrs. Mary Catherine Goddard, was sister to Wm. Goddard of Rhode Island, who established the Maryland Journal. Coming from a State where free toleration was allowed, he was apt to write rather harshly. He was several times mobbed, and had finally to quit the State, and return to Providence. His sister Mary conducted the paper for eight years, and acted as post-master until 1784.

Mrs. Hannah Boyle published a paper at Williamsburg, Va., in 1774. It favored the Crown, and lived but a short time.

Clementine Bird succeeded her husband in the Virginia Gazette, in 1773. Thos. Jefferson was a contributor. She died in 1775.

Mrs. Elizabeth Timothee, after the death of her husband in 1773, continued publishing the Gazette in Charleston, S. C. She conducted the press two years, when her son took it.

Anne Timothee, the widow of the son of Elizabeth just mentioned, after the revolutionary war ceased, revived the Gazette, which had been established by the elder Timothee. It had been discontinued while the

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British troops were in possession of Charleston. She was appointed printer to the State, and held the office until 1792.

Mary Crouch was the widow of Charles Crouch, and born in Rhode Island. Her husband established a paper in opposition to the Stamp Act, in Charleston, S. C. Mrs. C. continued the paper until 1780, when she removed to Salem, Mass., and took her press and type with her. She published a paper at Salem for some years, and returned to Providence, with a purse sufficient for "creature comforts" during her life.

Penelope Russell succeeded her husband in printing the "Censor" at Boston, in 1771. She not only set type, but while at her case, invoked her muse, and put up type on tragical events in an interesting manner, without any written copy.

In Connecticut, Mrs. Watson, the widow of Ebenezer Watson, who died in 1777, continued one of the publishers of the Courant at Hartford for two years. The Courant is still published.

There are other female printers of the last century, but I have now wearied your patience.

Permit me to remind you, while drinking to the memory of the Father of the Fraternity in this country, to give the MOTHERS of the Art an extra bumper. Respectfully yours, J. SNOW."

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"By religion I understand the devotedness of the soul to its highest happiness in perceiving, loving, and obeying God." — C. Follen.

## THE BOY OF LUCERNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAVUS VON HEERINGEN.

*(Continued.)*

IN pursuing the history of Kuoni, we shall have to confess, that with many good qualities he was still a sad rogue ; and though often roughly handled by those who ought to have treated him with kindness, his most serious misfortune was the result of his own love of mischief. It may be remembered that Uli Wytt the lover of Elizabeth, the pretty daughter of Master Burkhardt the butcher, used to accompany his father to 'Lucern when he carried his fat cattle there to market. Upon one of these occasions Lizzie was alarmed at Uli's visible depression of spirits and air of vexation, and he thus replied to her anxious inquiries :

" I have confessed to you already that I am a quick-tempered passionate lad, and a trifle rouses my blood. I admit that it is absurd for a young man to feel himself insulted by an ungrown boy, yet such is the fact. To-day as we were driving up our cattle from the harbour, having forgotten my pocket-handkerchief and left it in the boat, I went back to get it. In returning, being behind the rest, when I had reached the arched bridge over the Reuss, the others were far beyond me. Suddenly I heard above a mooing and bellowing, as of heifers and bullocks, though uttered by a human voice which seemed that of a boy. I looked up and perceived at an open window in a building over the arch, the urchin



from whom the bellowing issued, who was evidently intending thereby to insult me. The rogue manœuvred like a goblin, and perhaps he was one. He held up his arms over his head like horns, and cried out between his lowing and bellowing, 'Cow-boy, cow-boy, big cow-gawky, what do you want in the city? keep to your Alps, where they moo—so—and so,' and again he mimicked the poor dear heifers. I called to him and said, 'You had better, my boy, be singing a pious hymn or learning some rhyme proper for children, than making sport of a herdsman who is quietly passing by.' The rogue was silent for a little while, and then began again more noisily than before. By this time my blood was up; I doubled my fist and cried to the little raggamuffin, 'If you want to moo, boy, come down into the street and moo to my face; since you choose to be a cow or calf, come along—I know how to despatch both, and God willing, I will try my hand on you—come along—a real calf is not afraid of the cow-herd.' Would you believe it, Lizzie, he came; and that was worst of all. The impudent rascal had no fear of my angry looks nor doubled fist—he came—but how, I do not know. Before I was aware, a little, wriggling, swift-footed form glided down from the arch close to me, almost between my legs, and in an instant I heard from the corner near by, mingled shouts of laughter and mooing. The people stood still; they saw what the matter was and enjoyed my rage. I rushed towards the corner from which the insulting sounds proceeded, and if I could have caught their author, it would have gone hard with him. I did indeed clutch at his head and he left a handful of hair in my hand, but if before he seemed to slip from under my

feet, he now actually did so ; and presently from a new place commenced lowing and insulted me with more impudence than ever ; inasmuch as the other boys, with the street loungers, evidently enjoyed the spectacle and joined in the laugh — though not at *his* cost. If I had only dashed on him ! But my temper had got the better of my reason. And now a chase began, in which the game laughed at the huntsman. The boy sprung about, now here, now there ; he might have been about twelve years old. He had a dirty face and a head full of curly hair, with eyes which sparkled with impudence and roguery — he was everywhere and nowhere, while I fumbled after him like a clumsy bear — it seemed as if I had lead in my joints — I was either bewitched, or the devil of anger had blinded me — but the fact was, that instead of catching the culprit, I sometimes thumped up against a wall, sometimes against a curb-stone, then against one of the trees which are planted about the place, and finally against an old woman whom I shook with all my might, fancying that I had caught the rogue. If the idle bystanders laughed before, they now all joined in full chorus. At last I sprang out of the crowd like a wild bull and ran down everything that came in my way ; and was finally hardly able to calm myself enough to come to your house."

Lizzie listens to her lover's grievances with tender sympathy. She thinks that she knows the boy, and promises to complain of him to his father who, though a bad man, will be quite willing, she is sure, to punish the misdemeanor of his son. But Uli is too high-minded to consent to this proposal. — "No, no, Lizzie ; passion no longer blinds me and I can again see the right. No ;

do not complain of the boy. I will not allow his father to beat him because I could not. No one shall avenge my cause on account of his being nimbler than I. You know the boy then? Tell me, is he really a mischievous imp?"

'Not altogether so. He carries home to their houses the clothing which his father makes for the gentlemen. The father is a man of bad character; his wife is at a hospital and not in her right mind. It is said that he has treated the poor woman very harshly, and the boy is the image of want and hunger. No one would suppose that he could be impudent and roguish. The common people never employ Master Joggeli; he is tailor to the noblemen and gentry exclusively. But we will say no more about them.'

Kuoni's next adventure is purely ridiculous. One of his father's customers, a very wealthy merchant, is a widower, and has set his affections on a capricious widow, whose favor he hopes to win by presenting her on her birthday with a very rare foreign bird of parti-colored plumage and wonderful beauty; and being attracted by the remarkable comeliness of Kuoni, he fancies that his gift will be irresistible, if conveyed to her by this boy dressed like a Cupid. Accordingly Master Joggeli receives orders to make for his son a suit of gold tissue, fitted to him in the neatest manner, and to attach to his shoulders a pair of wings. When thus decked, Kuoni was to repair to the merchant for the purpose of rehearsing an elaborate speech, which he has to repeat to the widow under the character of the god of Love.

On returning from this rehearsal, Kuoni enjoys the unexpected pleasure of again listening to one of the

blind Sir Tobias's beautiful stories, which is thus described :

" John conducted his grandfather to the plane-tree. The evening was again as mild and beautiful as the last time, when the old man narrated here and was disturbed at discovering a second listener who was unwelcome to him. But as the memory of old age is often extremely infirm and deficient in regard to things of recent occurrence, while it faithfully retains those which happened long ago, the gray-headed Sir Tobias had either forgotten the disturbance then occasioned by the intrusive stranger-boy, or purposely chose neither to remember nor to be reminded of it. John however, while assisting his grandfather to sit down on the turf-bank and placing himself by him, could not refrain from casting a side-glance towards the wall, over which the second listener, then discovered and forever banished, had upon that evening mounted. But no one now appeared on or near the wall, though John had, for several days, stolen to the spot where it was mounted, and done all that he could with his hands in order to render the ascent and return less difficult and dangerous. In this endeavor he entirely trespassed against the duty of obedience to his grandfather; but do not the young always cling to one another, and could he forget that Kuoni had exposed himself for his sake to the resentment of bad boys who handled him roughly — or that the poor boy, despised by everybody, took such delight in listening to the beautiful hero-tales of his grandfather, as to forget his lowliness and poverty while drinking them in?

' Now then, John,' began the old man, when he had comfortably seated himself, and the mild evening air



gratefully played around his cheeks and no painful twinges of gout in his limbs saddened his spirits, 'now then, Johnny, my dear grandson, I will proceed with the extraordinary history of Morgarten, which will remain as a sort of marvel and mirror for all times, never to be contemplated without improvement and pleasure by the great or little.'

'Grandfather,' here interrupted John at the commencement of the narrative, 'does not Morgarten lie on the eminence above Rigi and Rossberg, near Egerisee, and is not the shortest way to it from here over Waggis and Goldau, past Kussnacht?'

'Yes, my son, that is the way — and —'

'Hu — a spider, grandfather, is crawling over your knee.'

'Take it away, Johnny, but don't kill it, I do not like to kill living things, they ought to live as long as they can.'

Johnny brushed it off from his grandfather's knee, casting at the same time a side glance towards the wall — 'There, grandfather, I have not hurt the spider.'

'To resume —'

Another glance was directed to the wall, and now there was a fluttering above — something yellow and shining was seen peering behind, over the gray stone — a curly head and a strange shining which John had no opportunity to examine closely, followed by a little slight, agile, boyish form, which swinging itself over without any noise, found the chinks and stepping stones provided by Johnny's care, carefully planted its feet on them, quickly and lightly reached the ground and then hastened with scarcely more noise than a bounding cat,

over the turf and through the bushes, till it had come close to the bank on which the two noblemen were seated. Here it crouched down, and softly, softly, crept closer and closer to John's feet which it gently embraced and kissed, and remained quietly lying by them with almost suppressed breath.

'It was about seven o'clock in the morning, when the head of our column wound its way along the village of Unter Egeri by the shore of the lake; and now the leagued peasants on the heights of the Saddle-back, descried the approaching foe, yet without being perceived in return by us. As our line slowly ascended from the lake and the morning sun rose from behind the mountains, the armour of the horsemen and infantry glistened in its red rays, like a moving stream of fire. The countless banners of the whole army waved in the morning breeze; the tramp and neighing of the horses, and the clashing of the weapons sounded like the mustering of a tempest — the column seemed endless, and the hearts of those on the Saddle-back might well have quailed with fear at the sight. Notwithstanding the refusal returned to their offer, those fifty exiles from Schwytz, whose request you must remember, John, had without permission concealed themselves in silence on the heights of Morgarten, where they sought out a spot from which, unseen, they might attack the approaching enemy at the most dangerous part of the way. For this purpose they had collected logs of wood, fallen trees, and heaps of large and little stones. Beneath them, the declivity of the mountain was steep and covered here and there with a light shrubbery. Here they watched in ambush the approaching enemy. At about eight o'clock, when a portion of

the heavy part of our cavalry had just passed the narrowest part of the road, and the densest mass of the troop was following, we saw ourselves suddenly assailed from above in the most furious manner. Fragments of rock, enormous stones and trunks of trees were tumbled down upon us; smaller stones, hurled by vigorous hands against our broken limbs like ponderous hail, brought confusion into the ranks. Many horses and riders were dashed to pieces by the rolling rocks, many leaped sheering down the precipice and were drowned in the neighboring lake — All this was effected by the fifty exiles. On the heights of the neighboring Saddle-back however, where as I have told you, the heart of the league, the thirteen hundred allies from Schwytz, Uri and Unterwalden were stationed, they saw what had befallen us. Suddenly they extended themselves in long array along the declivity of the mountain, and dashed upon us with terrific war-shouts. This increased the alarm on our side, and the horses became more shy. As the enemy drew near and hurled against them their spears, furnished at the ends with barbs to prevent their being drawn out, they became absolutely wild, and reared, and threw off and trampled on their riders, or else sprang with them into the lake, where being encumbered with their armor they immediately sank. On the left however, in consequence of the narrowness of the road and the closeness of the crowd, the horsemen were in a manner defenceless. They could neither turn their horses nor use their right arms, being completely hemmed in; the ground too, from being always wet with the mountain torrents, was frozen and slippery; the shoes of the horses were not pointed, and they slipped or tumbled down at every step.

‘Dreadful, grandfather, dreadful!’ interrupted John, whose eyes darkly flashed as his whole soul hung on the narrator — ‘The poor beautiful horses! how sorry I am for them! But did not the infantry come to the assistance of the cavalry?’

The tailor’s boy too raised his eyes and fixed them in anxious sympathy on the old man’s lips; his own moved as though about to speak, but John made a sign with his hand, and Kuoni was silent.

‘They did,’ continued the grandfather with a sigh; ‘the alarming cry raised by the van reached the infantry in the rear, but not suspecting that it came from their own party, they only increased the mischief by pressing forwards and so intercepting all possibility of retreat. Now Austrian beat down Austrian, cavalry infantry, and each the other. Many, seeing death unavoidable, voluntarily threw themselves into the lake. Every thing conspired against us.’

‘Where were you and father?’ asked John in a low depressed tone.

‘Your father was a little older than you are now,’ replied Sir Tobias, ‘he was borne away in the throng of the flying. I was lying senseless among the fallen, having been stunned by a terrible blow. In this situation the conquerors found me and treated me with humanity. I was taken to Rebereck, where I was nursed in the family of old Reding; there too I was informed of what had been going on in Schwytz. — Learn, my son, to understand the transient nature of earthly things and the emptiness of boasting. What had become of our magnificent army and its leaders, in the course of a few hours? The mountains echoed with the wailings and groans



of the retreating. All the noblemen who had mounted with the Duke in rejoicing pride and splendor, had perished or fled. The shore along the whole lake was covered with the slain. The conquerors went round and saved as many as they found alive, and mercifully put to death the wounded horses. Fifteen hundred horsemen, not counting the footmen nor those who were drowned in the lake, fell on that day under the clubs and axes of the mountain herdsmen. On their side too, the confederate peasants found with weeping eyes many a worthy league's-man among the dead. At nine o'clock that very forenoon all was ended, and a victory with which no other can compare, had been gained by about thirteen hundred herdsmen over a regular army of twenty thousand disciplined troops. God alone could have brought it to pass, and the conquerors thanked him as they ought. Before they left the spot, upon their knees, with uplifted hands and loud voices they blessed the Almighty for his visible protection. I heard their prayers before I followed Herr Reding to his house as a prisoner, though I was treated as an honored guest — the sound was very solemn.'

Here the old man paused, and leaned his reverend head upon the hand which rested on his crutch. John thoughtfully looked down, and thus his eyes chanced to meet those of the listener at his feet, who was gazing upwards with burning cheeks and a countenance full of eager interest and suspense. A question lay on Kuoni's face; John being unable to divine it, he at last placed both hands over his mouth as though to prevent the faintest sound of his noiseless whisper from escaping to the side where the old man sate, and thus obliged

the youth to stoop down to him in order to learn his wish.

‘But grandfather,’ resumed John, ‘what became of those fifty exiles who had concealed themselves on the heights of Morgarten, and yielded such efficient aid to their countrymen, though their offer had been despised and rejected?’

Sir Tobias smiled. ‘I am glad, my son,’ he replied, ‘that you do not forget them?’—John however blushed at this unmerited compliment—‘Yes, those brave men deserved pardon, and it was granted them. While still upon the field of battle, they were gratefully embraced by the conquerors, and as there could be no danger now, and gratitude alone was a sufficient motive for removing the legal penalty, it was resolved with one accord to receive them again among the citizens, and to carry them back, as it were in triumph, to their families in Schwytz that afternoon. You clap your hands for joy, my son; that is excellent—I myself have always loved this beautiful and sublime trait of plebeian virtue.’ John blushed again; because it was not he who had clapped but the poor Kuoni crouching on the ground beneath them, who had entirely forgotten himself in his enthusiasm. As a punishment, John was about making a sign to him to depart, when the grandfather resumed his narrative and both the boys were again chained to his lips.”

The remainder of the narrative consists of an account of two other battles, which were fought on that same day between the leagued peasantry and their patrician oppressors.

“Here the old man paused; for a time he and his grandson remained sunk in silent and serious reflection.

‘Thus,’ resumed the aged nobleman, ‘the numerous and disciplined army of one of the most valiant and haughty of princes, the flower of the knighthood of Helvetia and Germany, was subdued and annihilated in a few hours by a small population of shepherds, almost unknown to the rest of the world, which had pastured their flocks on savage mountains in the highest part of the world. And this came to pass, because simplicity of manners, fidelity to their covenants and the righteous cause were upon the side of the shepherds, and haughtiness and injustice upon that of their numerous and powerful enemies. What instruction for yourself do you derive hence, grandson John?’

‘That union can make even the weak strong, grandfather.’

‘Right, my son, and what else?’

‘That an unjust cause carries its curse within itself.’

‘Right, my son, and what else?’

‘That pride and insolence are not good, and often go before a fall.’

‘Right, my son, and what else?’ John paused.

‘That he who undervalues or despises his foe, is lost already,’ interposed the old man — ‘Had Duke Leopold justly appreciated this little population of mountaineers, he would have sought their friendship, instead of regarding them with the blind eyes of insolence and hatred, and so have escaped the disgrace of allowing himself to be conquered by them. Never forget this, my son, in whatever situation you may be placed, let the history of Morgarten often remind you to practise that Christian humility, which is an ornament to every condition and relation; and now, Johnny, we will go into the house.’

John now made a sign to Kuoni to withdraw, who light and noiseless as a butterfly, re-climbed the wall over which he had come. John was quite satisfied on seeing the curly head of his protegee vanish behind it, before he and his grandfather had reached the house."

Kuoni's adventure as a Cupid ends most unfortunately. Upon his way to the widow's house on her birthday, a young villain who had stealthily discovered the merchant's plan, and coveted the splendid bird which was to be entrusted to the winged Cupid, manages to purloin it and puts a raven in its place. The widow receives the gift as a purposed insult; poor Kuoni is severely beaten by the angry merchant, and finally escapes from him with the loss of all his beautiful curls, which the merchant in his rage cuts off with the shears used for his broadcloths. The trembling Kuoni scarcely knows whither to betake himself, dreading a still more severe chastisement from his cruel father. In his anguish he saunters down to the harbour, and there the first person he sees is Uli Wytt, who at once seizes on him at his lawful prey, resolved to inflict condign punishment on him for the insolent mockery of which he had so lately been the victim. With the young peasant, "it was a fixed rule, that he who sinned must be chastised; therefore the pleading and struggling of his prisoner were no sufficient grounds for an exception to the maxim.

Possibly however, as Uli possessed a very tender heart, he might have spared him, had not a very finely dressed young gentleman, with a map and manuscripts under his arm, rushed forward at this moment, and partly with entreaties, partly with threats, insisted upon his releas-



ing the boy. — 'Oh master John! Oh Master John,' roared Kuoni, stretching his hands towards him as to a delivering angel. This wailing cry and agitation fired the zeal of the youth still more to afford assistance. With kindling cheek and rising anger he repeated in yet more imperative terms his request to the stout young peasant, and as Uli manifested no disposition to listen to him, but on the contrary eyed him wrathfully, he attempted to rescue his protegee by force; and letting go his map which he was bringing from school, he laid violent hold on Uli's arm. The strength of the two parties however was most unequal. The mountain-lad now roused, grasped him by the collar with his left hand — in the right he held Kuoni — and quick as lightning turned towards the lake, dragging and pushing his two prisoners, who sometimes swung round his hands, sometimes kicked on the ground, into his boat, from the side of which, three times, without further ceremony, he ducked them up to the head in the water — as fast as he lifted up the one, plunging down the other. They dripped like sea-gods, they shook themselves, spirted, yelled, and peals of laughter along the shore accompanied the summary chastisement. No one thought of defending them, it being evident to all, that no real injury was inflicted on the lads, who were only paying a brief penalty for some act of mischief.

At last, when they had tasted as much of the emerald water of the beautiful lake as seemed to their tormentor sufficient, he released them, pale, staggering, dripping, trembling in every limb; and away the boys retreated, each in the direction of his father's house, where a reception awaited them under the condition in which they

appeared, corresponding to the different manner and style of the two families" — the tailor's son to receive a third chastisement under the hands of his cruel father, and the nobleman's to be dried and placed in a warm bed by his tender mother.

L. O.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE first newspaper printed in the North American colonies, was called the Boston News-Letter," and was issued in 1704, by Jno. Cambell, a Scotchman, who was post-master and bookseller at Boston. Sometimes it had one advertisement, and often none. After 14 years, when 300 copies were sold, the publisher announced that his weekly half-sheet being insufficient to keep up with the foreign news, he would issue an extra sheet each fortnight; which expedient he says, after a year, has enabled the "News-letter" to *retreive eight months of the thirteen that it was behind in the news from Europe*; so that those who would hold on till the next January, (five months,) might expect to have all the arrearages of intelligence from the old world needful for to be known in these parts!" After 16 years, the publisher gives notice that copies of the "News-Letter" would be printed on [a whole sheet of writing paper, one-half of which would be blank, on which letters might be written," etc.

## A WORD.

BY JONES VERY.

THE silent history of a word ;  
Borne on Time's stream along,  
Has never yet been sung or heard ;  
It asks the voice of song.

'Twas born from out the soul's calm deep,  
Smit by the chastening rod,  
As Eve's flesh formed from Adam's sleep ;  
Touched by the hand of God,

It wandered o'er the unyielding earth,  
By war and famine worn ;  
A stranger seen, of unknown birth,  
Through night, a child of morn.

'Twas welcomed in the lowly cot,  
'Twas heard in kingly hall,  
And men their arms and strifes forgot,  
In listening to its call.

It told of peace that would not fail —  
Of love that could not die ;  
'Twas felt beneath the warrior's mail ;  
It dried the mourner's eye.

I looked along the path it took ;  
As told by legends old,  
Repeated oft from book to book,  
It shone like shining gold.

A furrow through earth's barren fields  
Ploughed deep and down with care ;  
But none to notice what it yields,  
Or in its harvest share.

## FANNY.

## OR, TEARS AND SMILES.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.—BY M. J. FOUQUET.

“Many persons from so simple a flower  
This little lesson may borrow—  
Happy to-day, through its gloomiest hour,  
We come out the brighter tomorrow.”

## CHAPTER I.

## THE LITTLE WILLOW BONNET.

“I DON’T like this bonnet—I shall never wear it. I never saw anybody wear such a bonnet. I want one like Mary Sargent’s.”

“Why do you not like it, Fanny,” said Mrs. Anson.

“It is not like any bonnet I ever saw. People will stare at it, and I dare say the boys in the streets will hoot it. I want one like Mary Sargent’s.”

“But I cannot afford to purchase one like Miss Sargent’s. Her father is a rich man, and you know, Fanny, I am a poor widow. I have been all day making this for you, and I am sure it is too simple to attract attention.”

“Why, mother, it is lined with pink, and trimmed with a different colored ribbon! A dull, figured ribbon—such an old fashioned ribbon! Little brown sprigs, with pale green leaves! There is not such another bonnet in the world. I will not wear it.” And she burst into tears with vexation.

Mrs. Anson sighed, and meekly laid away the little willow bonnet, with its pale, pink lining, and its brown and green sprigged ribbon.



Fanny stood pouting and sobbing, while her mother prepared the tea table, and then called her to take her tea.

Fanny sullenly took her seat. Discontent often impairs the appetite ; and that was the reason, I suppose, that Fanny was such a slender, pale-looking child. She often used to look at her own little hands and arms, and weep, because they were so much smaller than those of the gay, rosy children that played with her.

She went to the table, but had no appetite. She wanted to have her tea-cup exchanged for a little mug, with a handle, that had the name of Fanny on it. She thought the tea always tasted better in that mug.

Mrs. Anson arose, and reached her the mug, which stood on a high shelf in the closet. Fanny poured the tea into it, and began to sip — it then tasted cold, and she pushed it away.

Her mother begged her to eat her bread and butter, but she only pouted. Bed-time arrived, and the kind mother undressed the wayward child, carefully covered her, heard her repeat her prayers, kissed her, and bade her good night.

Fanny was a serious, thoughtful child, and after her mother left her alone in the dark, on her pillow, she began to weep. At first she did not know why she wept, but the tears would come — and she let them flow on for a time, without thinking of anything.

At last her tears seemed exhausted, and she began to *think*. She seemed to see her new bonnet before her. She thought it was not the ugly bonnet it at first appeared to be. Indeed she had begun to think it while her mother held it in her hand, and wis

had not so hastily condemned it, but she would not at that time say it was pretty.

And now she thought how kindly and carefully her mother had worked upon it, and how sad she looked when she found it did not please her. She had the dreadful feeling of self-reproach, and thought herself one of the most wicked children in the world, and was at that moment one of the most wretched. She hardly dared ask God to forgive her. She wept, resolved to grow better, and settled herself to sleep.

Perhaps some will be curious to know what became of the little willow bonnet. After Fanny had gone to bed, some ladies called on Mrs. Anson. The bonnet was lying on the table, and one of the ladies said it was very pretty, and wished she could obtain such a one for her little daughter.

"You may have this, if you please," said Mrs. Anson.

"But can you find another like it for Fanny?"

"No, I cannot, but that is of no consequence."

"But Fanny must have a bonnet, if I take this. What kind of a bonnet shall I purchase for her?"

"Give her, if you are willing to exchange, the one your daughter has been wearing."

"What, the old one?"

"Yes, I am particularly desirous that she may have that one."

"Then you shall have it," said the lady; and she took the little willow bonnet home.

The next morning, Fanny saw a bonnet like Mary Sargent's, in the place where her despised new one was left, the night before, and was told that it was for her. She did not feel at all pleased, but was ashamed to ex-

press her feelings. She wondered how her mother had procured it, yet was unwilling to inquire. What was her vexation when she saw Mary Sargent wearing the little willow bonnet, and every body praising it! The lady who took it, was Mary Sargent's mother, and Mary gladly wore the new willow bonnet, while Fanny had none to wear but Mary Sargent's old one.

Fanny took care never again to wish for a bonnet, or any other article of dress, merely because it was worn by a rich or fashionable person.

## CHAPTER II.

### OLD MISS PARSONS.

A few days after the affair of the bonnet, when Fanny returned from school, she found a strange lady in the parlor, who had come to take tea with Mrs. Anson.

Fanny did not like the looks of the lady. She was old, and had sharp, black eyes, was very tall and thin, and dressed in a very old fashioned manner. Fanny would not speak to her. She looked at her but once, and then turned her back to her, and stood looking out the window, with her elbows on the ledge. Her mother requested her to turn round, and speak to Miss Parsons. But there she stood, immovable.

The old lady did not speak to her; her mother said no more, and tea was soon after ready.

Mrs. Anson and the lady sat down to tea, and Fanny was called, but was still fixed at the window, in the same attitude. She imagined they were looking at her, and pouted. Her mother called her again — but she

did not speak or move. She then thought they were laughing at her, and began to cry.

"Come, Miss Fanny," said Miss Parsons, "will you not come and take tea with us?"

"I don't want any tea," said Fanny, without turning round.

No sooner had she said this, than she began to want her tea, and thought the next time her mother asked her, she would go. But her mother did not ask her again. There she stood; the fragrance of the tea seemed so good — and she fancied the toast and cakes were of special niceness for that old lady — and oh, how she wished her mother would ask her once more to "come and take tea."

Miss Parsons soon after took leave, and as she left the room, she said, "Good night, Fanny, I hope you will always have a good supper offered you, but the time may come when you may have to eat a worse one than this."

Fanny thought she was the most unpleasant old lady she had ever seen. As she passed, Fanny again observed her lean, ill-natured appearance, and then looked at her own poor little arms and burst into tears.

"What ails you, my child? Why are you crying now?" said her mother.

"Are any one's arms as lean as mine, except Miss Parsons'?" said Fanny, with an expression of extreme distress.

Her mother could not refrain from smiling. "I think there are not many such, but you are in no way to grow more plump, if you live without eating."

"Is not Miss Parsons very cross, mamma?"



"She does not appear as good-natured as the gay, fat, rosy Mrs. Rogers, who makes you such pretty thread cases, and tells you such funny stories; but Miss Parsons is a very good and sensible woman."

"Yes, Mrs. Rogers makes me laugh, and she laughs herself very often. Does that make her cheeks so rosy, and her arms and hands so white and fat?"

"Her cheerful and contented disposition no doubt conduces to her health."

"Ah," thought Fanny, "I wish I was a good girl."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PATCHWORK.

One stormy day, Fanny was obliged to stay at home, and had nothing to do. She went sauntering from one room to another, and seemed so unhappy, that her mother proposed to her to seat herself down to some work.

"What shall I do?" said Fanny. "My work is at school, and I have read all the books I have at home, and I have no one to play with. I am all alone; I wish I could go and stay where there are some little girls to play with. Nobody is so lonely as I am!"

"Come and sit with me, and help me sew on my patchwork," said her mother. "See, I have here the pieces all arranged, and I will baste them together, and you shall sew them, and it will help me very much."

"No, I do not want to sew on that patchwork. I should not think you would wish me to do so."

"I do not wish it, if you are not willing. I thought you would be more happy to be helping me, than to be

doing nothing. But I find it gives you no pleasure to assist me. You are not a good girl, and I fear my Fanny will never be to me the comfort that I have expected."

"Oh mother, let me come and sew for you!"

"No, I shall not allow you to assist me. I thought I should, with your help, finish this work to-day; but I am disappointed. If you are convinced you have done wrong, I hope at another time you will be more ready to assist me. You shall, to-day, have the pleasure of doing nothing."

Fanny was all that day in one of her most unhappy frames. She thought her mother cruel not to let her help her, but knew she deserved such treatment.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### VISITING THE FARM.

There was a melancholy expression in Fanny's face, and a sickliness in her form, which excited pity in all who saw her.

A very agreeable lady, who was a friend of her mother, living a little distant from the town, on a beautiful farm, requested Mrs. Anson to let her daughter pass a few weeks with her, in the country. She said she thought she needed a change of air, and the healthful exercise and gay sports she could have with her little girls and boys, would improve her health.

Mrs. Anson was glad of the opportunity of gratifying her daughter; and Fanny was delighted with the idea of making a visit from home, and playing with several young people.

Fanny's mother gave her a little trunk, in which to pack her clothes, with a key, which Fanny was to keep herself, and lock and unlock, and keep the trunk in order.

At the appointed time she was ready to go. Two of the eldest daughters of Mrs. Forbes, (the lady who had given the invitation,) with one of their brothers, had come to town, and called to take Fanny.

The farm was situated on a point of land which ran out into a broad river, that flowed into the sea near by. It being a very fine day in June, the young party chose to go by water. A short and pleasant walk led them to the bank of the river, where a gondola was in waiting.

Fanny was pleased, but thoughtful. She had bidden her mother good-bye, and taken a parting kiss for the first time in her life, and a strange, sad feeling came over her.

Slowly the gondola moved along. The oars dashed monotonously on the still waters; now and then a sea-bird flitted across the river towards its native waters, whose waves, even there, were heard to moan. Though pleasant, it was sad to Fanny to be thus moving on, farther and still farther from her mother, and to scenes as yet unknown to her. She missed her mother's protecting form, and hand, and voice. And yet, she was going where there were many little boys and girls to play with.

At length the old farm appeared in view. Then the fields and meadows behind, and next could be seen the cows and sheep feeding; and then they approached so near that the very poultry-yard was discovered, with the hens and chickens; and nearer still the wandering

geese, that were feeding on the green bank, at the water's edge.

Here they landed, and the lady of the mansion, with a sweet little girl and two younger boys, came out from the front door, the children shouting, and running down the avenue to meet them.

[To be continued.]

### THE STEAM ENGINE.

THE action of Steam for producing motion was known as early as a hundred and thirty years before Christ, but till within two hundred years no use was made of that knowledge. The Marquis of Worcester, at length, in 1663 published an account of a kind of steam engine which he had invented, and about twenty years afterwards Sir Samuel Morland proposed employing steam as a mechanical power. About the year 1690 a rude engine was constructed by Denis Papin, a Frenchman, and was used for raising water. We are indebted, however, to James Watt, the son of a ship chandler, for the greatest improvement in the steam engine; as improved by him, it has been applied as a moving power to at least four important branches of the arts and commerce, viz: cotton spinning—machinery and power looms—steam vessels—locomotive carriages on railways, and printing machinery.

One writer speaking of the wonders accomplished by the steam engine, says, "In its present perfect state it



appears almost endowed with reason. It regulates correctly the number of strokes performed in a given time, and counts or records them, for the purpose of telling how much work it has done, just as the clock records the beat of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work—the briskness of the fire—the supply of water to the boiler, and the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with precision; oils its joints; extracts any air that may accidentally enter any part which should be vacuous or empty; and when anything goes wrong that it cannot rectify it rings a bell; yet with all these talents and qualities, and even when exerting the power of several hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child. Its aliment, or food, is coal, coke, wood, or charcoal, but it consumes none when idle; it never tires—wants no sleep—is not subject to malady, when properly made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age. It is equally active in all climates, and will do any kind of work; it acts the part of a water-pumper—a miner—a sailor—a cotton-spinner—a weaver—a blacksmith, or a miller, just as occasion may require.”

Could our great-grandfathers revisit our world and see the locomotive dragging its lengthy train along at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, what would they say?—*Little England's Halfpenny Newspaper.*

“THE death of a pure being, though a sad disappointment of our earthly hopes and affections, yet is the dearest and most certain assurance of our immortality; it is an earnest for our meeting again. — *C. Follen.*”

A writer in a Vermont paper says, "I attended a meeting about a survey of the country between Brattleboro' and Fitchburg, with a view to a railroad. I became interested, and was very glad to find others so. I am one of the sanguine ones perhaps, but the subject took possession of my imagination, and I went to sleep with a confused jumble in my head about 'Railroad Spirit,' 'Crocker,' 'Montague Falls,' and 'Loammi Baldwin's Survey.'—These mingled in my dreams not at all to the benefit of my body's rest, until suddenly the scene changed, and I seemed to see a group of children sitting around a table, while one was reading aloud from a miniature newspaper. I listened and heard a clear, silvery little voice repeat this,

SONG OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE,

ON ITS ENTRANCE INTO THE VALLEY OF BRATTLEBORO', 1846.

I COME, I come, ye have called me long,  
I come through the hills with a clattering throng  
Of cars behind me, which shake the earth,  
And to many an uncouth sound give birth.  
I have passed through many a sheltered vale  
Where the flowers shrunk at the sudden gale,  
Made by my hot and whizzing breath,  
As I rushed along, the hills beneath;  
The weeping Elm trees gracefully bent,  
To see what such a hurrying meant,  
And the Oriole wondered at my haste,  
As he swung aloft in his airy nest;  
But I doubt not, now that I am gone,  
They think it a dream of the early morn,  
(For birds and flowers are careless things,)  
And the robin spreads his golden wings,

And the pink spireas look smartly up,  
And the Foxglove opens its yellow cup,  
And they never dream in their present delight,  
That I and my train will be back at night.

How slow your river runs! Strange to me,  
That it should not flow more speedily,  
But should stop to play o'er each old grey stone,  
With as soft and musical a moan,  
As if there were nothing on earth to be done,  
But to splash, and murmur, and shine in the sun.  
It must have caught that lazy song,  
From the sleepy stage-coach winding along,  
That turnpike road, in old fashioned-times,  
Which still around the precipice climbs,  
As to show how slowly people *could* go,  
Before they had learned *my* speed to know.  
Your mountain too, has a placid look,  
With the shadows resting on each green nook,  
And the grey mists, gathered half up its side,  
Seem as they could not quite decide,  
Whether to float into upper air,  
Or still to suspend their curtain fair  
Over its rugged and time worn brow,  
Which shows so softly through them now.

But I must not get into this gossiping mood,  
I only stopped for water and wood,  
And to let your villagers have a gaze,  
At what seems to set them all in a maze;  
My course is onward—and faster yet,  
With shriek, and hiss, and hot steam jet,  
Shaking the echoes out of your mountains,  
And drowning the voice of your shady fountains,  
I am off—and as I thunder along,  
Ye may hear the last strain of the first engine's song."

ANON.

## NOTICE.

ON the first of August it is the purpose of the Editor of the Child's Friend to set sail in the Caledonia for Europe.

It is her wish and intention to continue her connection with this little work during her absence. By the kind aid of two dear friends this is rendered possible. It is her intention to write for every number, after September of this year, some notices of what passes before her in the old world that it may seem to her will be interesting to her young friends in America.

She cannot but believe that they will be glad to hear from her once a month from the other side of the great waters, and will continue to welcome the words of their sincere and faithful friend.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 15, 1849.